

PUBLIC ENEMY



IT
TAKES
A
NATION
OF
MILLIONS
TO
HOLD
US
BACK

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring The Noise"

Too black, too strong
Too black, too strong

[Flavor Flav:]

Yo, Chuck
These honey drippers are still frontin' on us
Show 'em that we can do this
'Cause we always knew this, ha ha
Yeah, boy!

[Chuck D:]

Bass! How low can you go?
Death row, what a brother know
Once again, back is the incredible
rhyme animal, the uncannable D

Public Enemy number one
"Five-O" said, "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun

Now they got me in a cell
'Cause my records, they sell
'Cause a brother like me said, Well
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to
What he can say to you" What you ought to do

Is follow for now, power of the people, say,
"Make a miracle, D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, We're gonna win
Check it out

[Flavor Flav:]

Yeah, y'all, c'mon

[Chuck D:]

Here we go again

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]

Hey yo, Chuck, they're sayin' we too black, man
Yo, I don't understand what they're saying
But little do they know they can get a smack for that, man

[Chuck D:]

Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad
At the fact that's corrupt like a senator
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope

Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music
That the critics are all blasting me for
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters
Now across the country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now
They're gonna have to wait 'til we get it right
Radio stations, I question their blackness
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they'll play this

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]

Hey yo, Chuck, they're illin', we chillin'
Yo, PE in the house, top billing
Yo, Chuck, show 'em what you can do, boy

[Chuck D:]

Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me
My DJ is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, y'know
He can cut a record from side to side
So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicide

Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll
Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man
Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, y'know
You call 'em demos

[Flavor Flav:]

But we ride limos, too

[Chuck D:]

Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you
Beat is for Sonny Bono

[Flavor Flav:]

Beat is for Yoko Ono

[Chuck D:]

Run-DMC first said a DJ could be a band
Stand on its own feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B. and LL, as well, hell
Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells
Ever forever, universal, it will sell
Time for me to exit, Terminator X it

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]

Yo, they should know by now that they can't stop this bum rush
Word up, better keep tellin' me to turn it down
But yo, Flavor Flav ain't going out like that

Come on
Come on
Come on, now
Come on

[Chuck D:]

From coast to coast, so used to being like a comatose
Stand, my man, the beat's the same with a boast toast
Rock with some pizzazz, it will last. Why you ask?
Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as

We got to plead the Fifth, you can investigate
Don't need to wait, get the record straight
Hey, posse in effect, got Flavor, Terminator
X to sign checks, play to get paid

You got to check it out down on the avenue
A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you
Yeah, I'm telling you...

[Flavor Flav:]

Hey yo, Griff, get thirty S1W
We got to handle this
We ain't goin' out like that
Yo man, straight up on the Columbo tip
We can do this, like Brutus
'Cause we always knew this
You know what I'm sayin'
There's just one thing that puzzles me, my brother
What's wrong with all these people around here, man
Is they clocking? Is they rocking? Is they shocking?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Don't Believe The Hype"

Back

Caught you lookin' for the same thing
It's a new thing - check out this I bring
Uh Oh the roll below the level
'Cause I'm livin' low next to the bass, C'mon
Turn up the radio
They claim that I'm a criminal
By now I wonder how
Some people never know
The enemy could be their friend, guardian
I'm not a hooligan
I rock the party and
Clear all the madness, I'm not a racist
Preach to teach to all
'Cause some they never had this
Number one, not born to run
About the gun...
I wasn't licensed to have one
The minute they see me, fear me
I'm the epitome - a public enemy
Used, abused without clues
I refused to blow a fuse
They even had it on the news
Don't believe the hype...

Yes

Was the start of my last jam
So here it is again, another def jam
But since I gave you all a little something
That we knew you lacked
They still consider me a new jack
All the critics you can hang'em
I'll hold the rope
But they hope to the pope
And pray it ain't dope
The follower of Farrakhan
Don't tell me that you understand
Until you hear the man
The book of the new school rap game
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane
Yes to them, but to me I'm a different kind
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind
Caught in the middle and
Not surrenderin'
I don't rhyme for the sake of of riddlin'
Some claim that I'm a smuggler
Some say I never heard of 'ya

A rap burglar, false media
We don't need it do we?
It's fake that's what it be to 'ya, dig me?
Don't believe the hype...

Don't believe the hype - its a sequel
As an equal, can I get this through to you
My 98's boomin' with a trunk of funk
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk
Comin' from the school of hard knocks
Some perpetrate, they drink Clorox
Attack the black, cause I know they lack exact
The cold facts, and still they try to Xerox
Leader of the new school, uncool
Never played the fool, just made the rules
Remember there's a need to get alarmed
Again I said I was a timebomb
In the daytime the radio's scared of me
'Cause I'm mad, plus I'm the enemy
They can't c'mon and play with me in primetime
'Cause I know the time, plus I'm gettin' mine
I get on the mix late in the night
They know I'm livin' right, so here go the mike, sike
Before I let it go, don't rush my show
You try to reach and grab and get elbowed
Word to herb, yo if you can't swing this
Learn the words, you might sing this
Just a little bit of the taste of the bass for you
As you get up and dance at the LQ
When some deny it, defy if I swing bolos
Then they clear the lane I go solo
The meaning of all of that
Some media is the whack
You believe it's true, it blows me through the roof
Suckers, liars get me a shovel
Some writers I know are damn devils
For them I say don't believe the hype
Yo Chuck, they must be on a pipe, right?
Their pens and pads I'll snatch
'Cause I've had it
I'm not an addict fiendin' for static
I'll see their tape recorder and grab it
No, you can't have it back silly rabbit
I'm going' to my media assassin
Harry Allen, I gotta ask him
Yo Harry, you're a writer, are we that type?
Don't believe the hype
I got flavor and all those things you know
Yeah boy, part two bum rush and show
Yo Griff, get the green black red and
Gold down countdown to Armageddon
-88 you wait the S1Ws will
Rock the hard jams - treat it like a seminar

Teach the bourgeoisie, and rock the boulevard

Some say I'm negative

But they're not positive

But what I got to give...

The media says this

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Cold Lampin' With Flavor"

Um lampin, um lampin, um cole cole lampin
I got loowies boy, um not trampin
I just came from Da-crib ya know
Um on da go-throw ya tank into metro
Live lyrics from the bank of reality
I kick da flyest dope maneuver technicality
To a dope track, you wanna hike git out ya backpack
Um in my Flav-mobile cole lampin
I took dis g upstate cole lampin
Ta da poke-a-nose, we call da hide-a-ways
A pack of franks and a big bag of Frito Lays

Flavor-Flav on a hype tip
Um ya hype drink, come take a big sip
Um in position, you can't play me out da pocket
I'll take da dopest beat yougot and I'll rock-it
Like chocolate, even vanilla - chocolate, strawberry, saperella
Flavors are electric - try me - get a shock-a
Didn't I tell you to leave Flavor Flav alone knock-a
A clock on my chest proves I don't fess
I'm a clock-a, rock-a rockin' wit-da-rest
Flavor in da house by Chuck-D's side
Chuck got da Flavor-Flav don't hide
P.E. crazy, Crazy P.E. - makin' crazy loowies for the shoppin spree

Ya eatin death cause ya like gittin dirt from da graveyard - ya put gravy on it
Den ya pick ya teeth with tomb stone chips
And casket cover clips - dead women hips ya do da bump with - bones
Nutin but love bones
Lifestyles of the Live-en-dead
First ya live den ya dead - died trying ta clock what I said
Now I got a murder rap cause I bust ya cap with Flavor - pure Flavor
We got Magnum Brown, Shoothki - Valoothki
Super-calafraga-hestik-alagoothki
You could put dat in ya don't know what I said book
Took-look-yuk-duk-wuk
Shinavative ill factors by da Flavor Flav
Come an ride da Flavor wave
In any year on any givin day
What a brova know - what do Flavor say
Why do dis record play dat way
Prime time merrily in da day
Right now dis radio station is busy - brainknowledgeably wizzy
Honey drippers, you say you got it
You ain't got no flavor and I can prove it
Flavor Flav the flav all of flavors
Onion an garlic french fried potatas

Make ya breath stink, breath fire
Makes any onion da best crier

I know it sounds crazy but it fits perfect
Peter perfect pimped a perfect Peter
Honey dripper - sucker sipper - big dipper - sucker dipper
Drippin suckers like its goin out-a-style
Creatin flavors for da Flavor Flav pile
Lampin booyee madina style

Kickin da flavor gittin busy
Ya goin ouut, I think ya dizzy
I think ya hungry, cause ya starvin fa Flavor
Flavor most, put it on toast
Eat it-en taste it en swallow it down
Imperial Flavor gives you da crown
Of the king called Flavor, da king of all flavors
Rolls an rolls an rolls life savers
Flavor Flav is in everything ya eat cause everything ya eat got flavor
Flavor Flav is da first taste ya git in da mornin - ya breakfast is da flavor
In between dat ta lunch - in between dat dinner - in between dat ta midnight flavor
Yeah, das right I got somethin fa all da fandangoes of damangoes of da fandangoes of da mangoes

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Terminator X To The Edge Of Panic"

Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go
Take A look at his style
Take A check of the sound
Off the record people keep him down
Trick a chick in Miami
Terminator X packs the jams
Whow gives a fuck about a Goddamn Grammy
Anyway and I say the D's defending the mike
Yeah, who gives a fuck about what they like
Right the power is bold, the rhymes politically cold
No judge can ever budge or ever handle his load
Yes the coming is near and he's about to become
The one and only missionary lord son of a gun
Going on and on back trackin' the whack
Explain the knack y'all for the actual fact, c'mon

Terminator X Go off [4X]
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

He goes on and on 'till he reaches the coast
Tired, wired of his own race playing him close
Understand his type of music kills the
Plan of the klan
You know the pack attack the man
With the palm of his hands
Police, wild beasts, dogs on a leash
No peace to reach - thats why he's packin' his black piece
Terminator X yellin' with his hands
Damn almighty rulin ready to jam
But his cuts drive against the belt
Sheet...he's bad by his damn self
Yeah, his one job cold threatens the crowd
The loud sound pound to make brothers proud

Terminator X Go off [4X]
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

Gettin' small makin' room for it all
Flavors on the phone so he can...
Make the call
I know you're clockin' the enemy
You should be clockin' the time
Checkin' records I'm wreckin' you
For defecting my rhyme
No provokin', no jokin', you know the stage is set
If you're thinkin' I'm breakin'
He ain't rocked it yet

My education is takin' you for a long ride
I'll have you brain slip and do the slide
Glide into infinity, it's infinite
With your hands in your pockets
I know your money is spent
Like this, like that, butter for the fat
If you kill my dog, I'ma slay your cat
It's like that y'all, can you handle it son
I'm public enemy number one

Terminator X Go off [4X]
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Mind Terrorist"

Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, best, best for your face
Best for your face, best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, ha ha, take that
Take that, ha ha, take that
Take that, ha ha, take that
Best, best, best, best for your face

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Louder Than A Bomb"

This style seems wild
Wait before you treat me like a stepchild
Let me tell you why they got me on file
'Cause I give you what you lack
Come right and exact
Our status is the saddest
So I care where you at, black
And at home I got a call from Tony Rome
The FBI was tappin' my telephone
I never live alone
I never walk alone
My posses always ready, and they're waitin' in my zone
Although I live the life that of a resident
But I be knowin' the scheme that of the president
Tappin' my phone whose crews abused
I stand accused of doing harm
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb
C'mon C'mon louder etc...

I am the rock hard trooper
To the bone, the bone, the bone
Full grown - consider me - stone
Once again and
I say it for you to know
The troop is always ready, I yell 'geronimo'
Your CIA, you see I ain't kiddin'
Both King and X they got ridda' both
A story untold, true, but unknown
Professor Griff knows...
"I ain't no toast"
And not the braggin' or boastin' and plus
It ain't no secret why they're tappin' my phone, although
I can't keep it a secret
So I decided to kick it, yo
And yes it weighs a ton
I say it once again
I'm called the enemy - I'll never be a friend
Of those with closed minds, don't know I'm rapid
The way that I rap it
Is makin' 'em tap it, yeah
Never servin' 'em well, 'cause I'm an un-Tom
It's no secret at all
Cause I'm louder than a bomb

Cold holdin' the load
The burden breakin' the mold
I ain't lyin' denyin', 'cause they're checkin' my code

Am I buggin' 'cause they're buggin' my phone - for information
No tellin' who's sellin' out - power buildin' the nation so...
Joinin' the set, the point blank target
Every brothers inside - so least not, you forget, no
Takin' the blame is not a waste, here taste
A bit of the song so you can never be wrong
Just a bit of advice, 'cause we be payin' the price
'Cause every brother mans life
Is like swingin' the dice, right?
Here it is, once again this is
The brother to brother
The Terminator, the cutter

Goin' on an' on - leave alone the grown
Get it straight in '88, an' I'll troop it to demonstrate
The posse always ready - 98 at 98
My posse come quick, because my posse got velocity
Tappin' my phone, they never leave me alone
I'm even lethal when I'm unarmed
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb

'Cause the D is for dangerous
You can come and get some of this
I teach and speak
So when its spoke, it's no joke
The voice of choice
The place shakes with bass
Called one for the treble
The rhythm is the rebel
Here's a funky rhyme that they're tappin' on
Just thinkin' I'm breakin' the beats I'm rappin' on
CIA FBI
All they tell us is lies
And when I say it they get alarmed
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Caught, Can We Get A Witness?"

Caught, now in court 'cause I stole a beat
This is a sampling sport
But I'm giving it a new name
What you hear is mine
P.E. you know the time
Now, what in the heaven does a jury know about hell
If I took it, but but they just look at me
Like, Hey I'm on a mission
I'm talkin' 'bout conditions
Ain't right sittin' like dynamite
Gonna blow you up and it just might
Blow up the bench and
Judge, the courtroom plus I gotta mention
This court is dismissed when I grab the mike
Yo Flave...What is this?

Get hyped, c'mon we gotta
Gather around - gotcha
Mail from the courts and jail
Claims I stole the beats that I rail
Look at how I'm livin' like
And they're gonna check the mike, right? - Sike
Look at how I'm livin' now, lower than low
What a sucker know
I found this mineral that I call a beat
I paid zero
I packed my load 'cause it's better than gold
People don't ask the price, but its sold
They say that I sample, but they should
Sample this my bit bull
We ain't goin' for this
They say that I stole this
Can I get a witness?

Understand where we're goin
Then listen to this, plus my Roland
Comin' from way down below
Rebound c'mon boost up the stereo
Snakes in the morning
Wake up, scared afraid of my warning
They claim that I'm violent
Now I choose to be silent
Can I get a witness?

C'mon get wit' it
Something ain't right, I got to admit it
Made me mad when I was on tour

That I declared war on black radio
They say that I planned this
On the radio most of you will demand this
Won't be on a playlist
Bust the way that I say this: No Sell Out

You singers are spineless
As you sing your senseless songs to the mindless
Your general subject love is minimal
Its sex for profit
Scream that I sample
For example, Tom you ran to the federal
Court in U.S. it don't mean you
Yeah, 'cause they fronted on you
The posses ready, Terminator X yes he's ready
The S1Ws, Griff are you ready?

They say that I stole this
I rebel with a raised fist, can we get a witness?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Show Em Whatcha Got"

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master
Buck boom buck another
Neighborhood disaster
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz
A muther fuckin gun
But an organized side
Keep a sellout niga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid
Step on the rest of the hood
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Where you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go dere wit dat rap
Guns drugs an money
All you know how
So whatcha gonna do now?
I'm bout ready to bounce
Trouble on the corner of blunt ave
An 40 ounce
Madd uncivilized lifestyles
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild
I'm raisin my child
I'm steppin to da curb
Wit a sign do not disturb
Too much dont give a fuck
Or a damn thing
But choose what the other man bring
I sing a song cause I see wrong
I'm not down with the fe fi fo
Where I come from

See, the brothers aint dumb
Sense goes over nonsense
When it makes no sense
I'm throwin up da fence
Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit
Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Were you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go there wit dat rap
Guns drugs & money
All you know how
So whatcha gone do now?

[Break]

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man
Gotta use a trigga
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home
Ungrown & now they on they own
Now check yourself cool
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"She Watch Channel Zero?!"

The woman makes the men all pause
And if you got a woman
She might make you forget yours
There's a 5 letter word
To describe her character
But her brains being washed by an actor
And every real man that tries to approach
Come the closer he comes
He gets dissed like a roach

[REFRAIN:]

I don't think I can handle
She goes channel to channel
Cold lookin' for that hero
She watch channel zero

[CHORUS:]

She watch, She watch [4x]
(Flavor *[ad lib]*)

2, 7, 5, 4, 8 she watched she said
All added up to zero
And nothing in her head
She turns and turns
And she hopes the soaps
Are for real - she learns
Is that it ain't true, nope
But she won't survive
And rather die and lie
Falls a fool - for some dude - on a tube

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[CHORUS]

Trouble vision for a sister
Because I know she don't know, I quote
Her brains retrained
By a 24 inch remote
Revolution a solution
For all our children
But all her children
Don't mean as much as the show, I mean
Watch her worship the screen, and fiend
For a TV ad
And it just makes me mad

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[CHORUS]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Night Of The Living Basheads"

Here it is
BAMMM
And you say, Goddamn
This is the dope jam
But lets define the term called dope
And you think it mean funky now, no
Here is a true tale
Of the ones that deal
Are the ones that fail
Yeah
You can move if you wanna move
What it prove
It's here like the groove
The problem is this - we gotta' fix it
Check out the justice - and how they run it
Sellin', smellin'
Sniffin', riffin'
And brothers try to get swift an'
Sell to their own, rob a home
While some shrivel to bone
Like comatose walkin' around
Please don't confuse this with the sound
I'm talking about...BASS

I put this together to...
Rock the bells of those that
Boost the dose
Of lack a lack
And those that sell to Black
Shame on a brother when he dealin'
The same block where my 98 be wheelin'
And everybody know
Another kilo
From a corner from a brother to keep another -
Below
Stop illin' and killin'
Stop grillin'
Yo, black, yo (we are willin')
4, 5 o'clock in the mornin'
Wait a minute y'all
The fiends are fiendin'
Day to day they say no other way
This stuff...
Is really bad
I'm talkin' 'bout...BASS

Yo, listen

I see it on their faces
(First come first serve basis)
Standin' in line
Checkin' the time
Homeboys playin' the curb
The same ones that used to do herb
Now they're gone
Passin' it on
Poison attack - the Black word bond
Daddy-O
Once said to me
He knew a brother who stayed all day in his jeep
And at night he went to sleep
And in the mornin' all he had was
The sneakers on his feet
The culprit used to jam and rock the mike, yo
He stripped the jeep to fill his pipe
And wander around to find a place
Where they rocked to a different kind of...BASS

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos"

I got a letter from the government
The other day
I opened and read it
It said they were suckers
They wanted me for their army or whatever
Picture me given' a damn - I said never
Here is a land that never gave a damn
About a brother like me and myself
Because they never did
I wasn't wit' it, but just that very minute...
It ocured to me
The suckers had authority
Cold sweatin' as I dwell in my cell
How long has it been?
They got me sittin' in the state pen
I gotta get out - but that thought was thought before
I contemplated a plan on the cell floor
I'm not a fugitive on the run
But a brother like me begun - to be another one
Public enemy servin' time - they drew the line y'all
To criticize me some crime - never the less
They could not understand that I'm a Black man
And I could never be a veteran
On the strength, the situation's unreal
I got a raw deal, so I'm goin' for the steel

They got me rottin' in the time that I'm servin'
Tellin' you what happened the same time they're throwin'
4 of us packed in a cell like slaves - oh well
The same motherfucker got us livin' in his hell
You have to realize - what its a form of slavery
Organized under a swarm of devils
Straight up - word'em up on the level
The reasons are several, most of them federal
Here is my plan anyway and I say
I got gusto, but only some I can trust - yo
Some do a bid from 1 to 10
And I never did, and plus I never been
I'm on a tier where no tears should ever fall
Cell block and locked - I never clock it y'all
'Cause time and time again time
They got me servin' to those and to them
I'm not a citizen
But ever when I catch a C-O
Sleepin' on the job - my plan is on go-ahead
On the strength, I'ma tell you the deal
I got nothin' to lose

'Cause I'm goin' for the steel

You know I caught a C-O
Fallin' asleep on death row
I grabbed his gun - then he did what I said so
And everyman's got served
Along with the time they served
Decency was deserved
To understand my demands
I gave a warnin' - I wanted the governor, y'all
And plus the warden to know
That I was innocent -
Because I'm militant
Posing a threat, you bet it's fuckin' up the government
My plan said I had to get out and break north
Just like with Oliver's neck
I had to get off - my boys had the feds in check
They couldn't do nuthin'
We had a force to instigate a prison riot
This is what it takes for peace
So I just took the piece
Black for Black inside time to cut the leash
Freedom to get out - to the ghetto - no sell out
6 C-Os we got we ought to put their head out
But I'll give 'em a chance, cause I'm civilized
As for the rest of the world, they can't realize
A cell is hell - I'm a rebel so I rebel
Between bars, got me thinkin' like an animal
Got a woman C-O to call me a copter
She tried to get away, and I popped her
Twice, right
Now who wanna get nice?
I had 6 C-Os, now it's 5 to go
And I'm serious - call me delirious
But I'm still a captive
I gotta rap this
Time to break as time grows intense
I got the steel in my right hand
Now I'm lookin' for the fence

I ventured into the courtyard
Followed by 52 brothers
Bruised, battered, and scarred but hard
Goin' out with a bang
Ready to bang out
But power from the sky
And from the tower shots rang out
A high number of dose - yes
And some came close
Figure I trigger my steel
Stand and hold my post
This is what I mean - an anti-nigger machine
If I come out alive and then they won't - come clean

And then I threw up my steel bullets - flew up
Blew up, who shot...
What, who, the bazooka was who
And to my rescue, it was the S1Ws
Secured my getaway, so I just got away
The joint broke, from the black smoke
Then they saw it was rougher than the average bluffer
'Cause the steel was black, the attitude exact
Now the chase is on tellin' you to c'mon
53 brothers on the run, and we are gone

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebel Without A Pause"

Yes - the rhythm, the rebel
Without a pause - I'm lowering my level
The hard rhymers - where you never been I'm in
You want stylin' - you know it's time again
D the enemy - tellin you to hear it
They praised the music - this time they play the lyrics
Some say no to the album, the show
Bum rush the sound I made a year ago
I guess you know - you guess I'm just a radical
Not a sabbatical - yes to make it critical
The only part your body should be parting to
Panther power on the hour from the rebel to you

Radio - suckers never play me
On the mix - just O.K. me
Now known and grown when they're clocking my zone it's known
Snakin' and takin' everything that a brother owns
Hard - my calling card
Recorded and orderd - supporter of Chesimard
Loud and proud kickin' live next poet supreme
Loop a troop, bazooka, the scheme
Flavor - a rebel in his own mind
Supporter of my rhyme
Designed to scatter a line of suckers who claim I do crime

Terminator X

From a rebel it's final on black vinyl
Soul, rock and roll comin' like a rhino
Tables turn - suckers burn to learn
They can't dis-able the power of my label
Def Jam - tells you who I am
The enemy's public - they really give a damn
Strong Island - where I got 'em wild and
That's the reason they're claimin' that I'm violent
Never silent - no dope gettin' dumb nope
Claimin' where we get our rhythm from
Number one - we hit ya and we give ya some
No gun - and still never on the run
You wanna be an S.1 - Griff will tell you when
And then you'll come - you'll know what time it is
Impeach the president - pullin' out the ray-gun
Zap the next one - I could be you're Sho-gun
Suckers - don't last a minute
Soft and smooth - I ain't with it
Hardcore - rawbone like a razor
I'm like a lazer - I just won't graze ya

Old enough to raise ya - so this will faze ya
Get it right boy and maybe I will praise ya
Playin' the role I got soul too
Voice my opinion with volume
Smooth - no what I am
Rough - cause I'm the man

No matter what the name - we're all the same
Pieces in one big chess game
Yeah - the voice of power
Is in the house - go take a shower boy
P.E. a group, a crew - not singular
We were black Wranglers
We're rap stranglers
You can't angle us - I know you're listenin'
I caught you pissin' in you're pants
You're scared of us dissin' us
The crowd is missin' us
We're on a mission boy

Terminator X

Attitude - when I'm on fire
Juice on the loose - electric wire
Simple and plain - give me the lane
I'll throw it down your throat like Barkley
See the car keys - you'll never get these
They belong to the 98 posse
You want some more son - you wanna get some
Rush the door on a store - pick up the album
You know the rhythm, the rhyme plus the beat is designed
So I can enter your mind - Boys
Bring the noise - my time
Step aside for the flex - Terminator X

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Prophets Of Rage"

With vice I hold the mike device
With force I keep it away of course
And I'm keepin' you from sleepin'
And on stage I rage
And I'm rollin'
To the poor I pour in on in metaphors
Not bluffin', it's nothin'
That we ain't did before
We played you stayed
The points made
You consider it done
By the prophets of rage
(Power of the people say)

I roll with the punches so I survive
Try to rock 'cause it keeps the crowd alive
I'm not ballin', I'm just callin'
But I'm past the days of yes y'allin'
Wa wiggle round and round
I pump, you jump up
Hear my words my verbs
And get juiced up
I been around a while
You can descibe my sound
Clear the way
For the prophets of rage
(Power of the people say)

I rang ya bell
Can you tell I got feelin'
Just peace at least
Cause I want it
Want it so bad
That I'm starvin'
I'm like Garvey
So you can see B
It's like that, I'm like Nat
Leave me the hell alone
If you don't think I'm a brother
Then check the chromosomes
Then check the stage
I declare it a new age
Get down for the prophets of rage
Keep you from gettin' like this

You back the track
You find we're the quotable

You emulate
Brothers, sisters that's beautiful
Follow a path
Of positivity you go
Some sing it or rap it
Or harmonize it through Go-Go
Little you know but very
Seldom I do party jams
About a plan

I'm considered the man
I'm the recordable
But God made it affordable
I say it, you play it
Back in your car or even portable
Stereo

Describes my scenario
Left or right, Black or White
They tell lies in the books
That you're readin'
It's knowledge of yourself
That you're needin'
Like Vescey or Prosser
We have a reason why
To debate the hate
That's why we're born to die
Mandela, cell dweller, Thatcher
You can tell her clear the way for the prophets of rage
(Power of the people you say)

It's raw and keepin' you on the floor
Its soul and keepin' you in control
It's pt. 2 cause I'm
Pumpin' what you're used to
Until the whole juice crew
Gets me in my goose down
I do the rebel yell
And I'm the duracell
Call it plain insane
Brothers causein' me pain
When a brothers a victim
And the sellers a dweller in a cage
Yo, run the a capella
(Power of the people say)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Reggie Jax"

Runnin' for your life, by the knife
Runnin' from your wife ... yipes
You should've stuck with home
Your mind to blow your dome
It was you that chose your due
You built a maze you can't get through
I tried to help you all I can
Now I can't do nuttin' for you man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You got all these people on your back now
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
Flavor flav got problems of his own
I can't do nuttin' for you man

Go lean on shells answer man
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You jumped out of the jelly into a jam

Make ya love the wrong instead of right
Not a thief cat burglar through the night
cop told your girl her name was Shirl
About a rooftop crime to steal her pearls
Oozy down the bullets in the gun

Just microwave themselves a ton
The you tried to help them all they can
But they couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
They couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

Flavor Flav is the sun
Public Enemy number one
Gotcha runnin' from the gun (pow)
Of a brain that weighs a ton
Can't face my facts that's on the shelf
Cause you want a hand out for your wealth
Eatin' welfare turkey out of the can
I can't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You want six dollars for what?
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You better man kiss my but
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
I'm busy tryin' to do for me

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
That's the way the ball bounces gee

Bass for your face, kick that shit

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Party For Your Right To Fight"

Power, equality
And we're out to get it
I know some of you ain't wid it
This party started right in '66
With a pro-Black radical mix
Then at the hour of twelve
Some force cut the power
And emerged from hell
It was your so called government
That made this occur
Like the grafted devils they were

J. Edgar Hoover, and he coulda proved to you
He had King and X set up
Also the party with Newton, Cleaver and Seale
He ended, so get up
Time to get em back
(You got it)
Get back on the track
(You got it)
Word from the honorable Elijah Muhammed
Know who you are to be Black

To those that disagree it causes static
For the original Black Asiatic man
Cream of the earth
And was here first
And some devils prevent this from being known
But you check out the books they own
Even masons they know it
But refuse to show it, yo
But it's proven and fact
And it takes a nation of millions to hold us back